THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. III.

PHILOSOPHERS agree that the seasons influence the temper, and St. Pierre seems to think that the clouds and the spirits lower together At this time of year, the Wanderer almost wishes existence suspended, and envies the alligator the luxury of torpor. He comes to these frigid pages with shivering powers, and the cold blanks, among other

"Aridas frondes, hyemis sodali
Dedicet Hebro."

In this gloom of solitude and winter, a letter from a friend had power to excite the glow of indignation, and to convince him, that the animal spirits were not yet extinguished. It was, to be sure, like a spark applied to fuel. thrown upon the ice; but the fire kindled. The flame seemed to be cherished by the ice, and the ice to melt under the flame, and the struggle between fire and water to be a faint emblem of "the war of elements." The Wanderer's especial duty is to "do good and communicate;" and though at this season of the year, he can cordially join with Horne Tooke, and pronounce "Indolence one of his principal enjoyments," yet he cannot forbear giving the subsequent epistle to his friends, since even now

"Dulce" illi "furere est amico."

TO THE WANDERER.

SIR,

I have recently met a prominent character in the circles of polished life, that I am somewhat solicitous to introduce to your notice. He is singular for making an object of pride, what in others would be a cause of shame. His honors are breaches of implied contracts, his glory the multitude of expectations he has raised and disappointed. Violations of faith constitute the integrity of his character, and the fine feelings he has outraged the fairness of his fame. He regards perfidy only as a gratification for vanity, and the disregard of honor makes him an honorable man. Such a character is FAITHLESS. He is well received in the first circles of fashionable life; yet Faithless is not a gallant. He is welcomed by every new lady he meets, for Faithless has been the particular attendant on so many of the fair, and pleased with none, that herself is perhaps the only one left, and as some one must suit his taste, who knows but it may be her happy lot to fix him at last? Thus every fair face is willing to hazard the experiment, and at length adds another victim to Faithless' reputation; is lashed like another tro-

phy, to the chariot wheels of his style. I shall attempt a slight sketch of this gentleman's civil career, that may lead you to conclude, that though he rides not, like Tullia, over the body of a father, yet the peace of the daughters of the land bleeds at every step of his progress.

Faithless has some talents from nature, which he has improved by the aid of a liberal education. Of a tolerable person, he has a dignity, an *aloofness* of deportment, that approximates the commanding and makes familiarity a compliment, since to come near it seems necessary to stoop from no inconsiderable distance. There is wanting, however, to his manners, a refinement, and to his conversation a delicacy, that would prevent him from being *innocently* rude, and unintentionally gross. But Faithless is manly in courage and conduct. This gains him esteem among males, and of course commends him to females. Evanda was the first object selected as the prey of his attentions. A lady of sixteen, in the bloom of youth, the blush of innocence, and the simplicity of beauty. Her mind was cultivated in a manner rather to adorn native elegance than increase original strength. It was a flower-garden, where all was beauty, delicacy and fragrance, but without a vegetable to support life, or the fruits that endear it. To convey the idea in one word and save the labor of metaphor; you have it in the *fashionable* vocabulary; she was an *accomplished* lady. To her our hero is completely devoted. He attends her to all parties, is scarcely ever seen without her even in the streets, and spends a great part of his time at her father's. The town have it; it will certainly be a match. Evanda speaks in the highest terms of Faithless, and Faithless says nothing to the discredit of Evanda. All at once the intimacy subsides. People find they are still twain. Gossips throng, and slander is out. Evanda would have had Faithless, no doubt, but there are two parties to every contract. Our cavalier is next seen with Miss Oglefair. The same farce is got up with new scenes and decorations. Faithless did not like Evanda. But Miss Oglefair—what form and eyes! He must certainly be pleased with Miss Oglefair. As for the lady, her glass persuades her that what all the world says must be true, and she is full in the faith. But the moon changes, and our knight is found the constant attendant of Miss Hopewell. This lady takes care to commence her career by a suggestion, that circulates, like wild fire, in *confidential* whispers, that Mr. Faithless *refused* Miss Oglefair. Though Miss Hopewell, with other old fashioned attire, has laid aside her watch, the secret of her conduct still lies in the inscription on its seal, "Nil desperandum!" The present mistress of our heroe's time, is specially careful to let no opportunity escape of showing him favour, so that it may very fairly be questioned, whether he is attentive to her or she to him. Miss H. has no brother. She gives parties. Mr. Faithless invites the gentlemen. She goes out of town, Mr. F. attends her. They speak in the highest terms of each other. Is Mr. F. the topic of conversation? His countenance is "*The human face* divine." Is Miss H. the subject? "Heaven in her eye."

"Vera incessu patuit Dea."

His talk about her every where consists of "thoughts that breathe," very properly expressed, "in words

that burn." She is the constant burthen of his song. His letters are full of her, and Hopewell fills up every hiatus. Three moons have filled their horns, and Faithless is true to his character. The daughter of Col. Fearless first asked him to wait on her home one evening, and ever since then he has waited upon nobody else. As for Miss Hopewell, he tells the present object of his most profound deception, nobody could suppose he ever would wed Miss Hopewell, for she has *no mind*. The suggestion pleases. Miss Fearless takes the comparison to her own advantage. I have reputation for sense. The world have passed on my mind, and pronounced it improved. Self-complacency whispers her, he cannot surely be "deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so *wisely*." But time may show the contrary, and before I finish this letter, Faithless be devoted to another.

I have thus etched the picture of what ladies in the *beau monde* call a *male coquette*; one, who, to use a trite figure, by a long course of attentions, induces them to raise the cup of expectation only for the pleasure of dashing it from their lips. Lexicographers indeed are so civil as to make the application of coquette exclusively to females. They wrote in old time, and perhaps omitted any other sense of the word, from an idea that it was not possible it should ever be applicable to males; as an antient legislator forbore making a law against parricide, thinking it impossible the crime should ever exist. The fact however, in both cases, is otherwise, and in both, equally to the infamy of human kind. Who can defend in man conduct, that in woman admits only the excuse of her weakness? He, who can act like Faithless, violates all moral obligations in the indiscriminate abuse of all honourable confidence. He is either to be considered guilty of mean, base, and pitiful falsehoods, or promises are confined to words, and there is no language in conduct.

Your friend and
fellow Wanderer.
PHILO-INGENUUS.

THE DRAMA.

No. 10.

For the Emerald.

HEIR AT LAW.

Wednesday evening, Dec. 30.

"The Heir at Law," belongs rather to farce than comedy. It possesses none of those marks of originality, which commonly distinguish the productions of the *younger* Coleman. This gentleman has a fertile genius; his wit is lively and neat, his eloquence copious and elegant, his sentiments pathetic, and his colloquial phraseology easy, animated, and chaste. With such requisites, we believe he is regardless of preserving his reputation; and writing with too great facility, he sometimes produces immature compositions: of which class, we consider the play now under consideration. Here we look in vain for Coleman's inventive powers, his abilities as a writer or an original humourist: on the contrary, he has unblushingly borrowed his intire underplot from the *Cure for the Heart Ache*; and his characters are taken from various authors. Doct. Pangloss, reminds us of Lingo, Gradus, Lemtive, and Sylvester Daggerwood. Some of the points of wit are well aimed, and equally happily repelled, but the sentiment is not remarkably forcible or properly arising from the subject. The best scene is that between Moreland and his friend, after he had visited Lord Duberly, the supposed father of Moreland. The plagiarism we have above suggested, will appear on comparing the underplot of the Cure for the Heart Ache, with that of the Heir at Law, taken from an English publication.

Cure for the Heart-Ache.	*The Heir at Law.*
Ned Rapid, the son of a taylor, is in love with Jessy Oatland, a farmer's daughter, who returns his affection; but he no sooner learns that his father is rich, than forgetting poor Jessy, he affects the man of fashion, and runs into all manner of extravagance.	Dick Dowlas, the son of a chandler, is in love with Cicely Homespun, a farmer's daughter, who returns his affection; but he no sooner learns that his father is made a lord, than, forgetting poor Cicely, he affects the man of fashion, and runs into all manner of extravagance.
Jessy Oatland has a brother named Frank, who is remarkable for his attachment to his sister, and he expresses his affection for her in terms singularly strong; they are both compelled to go to service, and are employed in the same family together.	Cicely Homespun has a brother named Ezekiel, who is remarkable for his attachment to his sister, and expresses his affection for her in terms singularly strong: they are both compelled to go to service, and are employed in the same family together.
Frank Oatland resents young Rapid's conduct to his sister, and threatens a personal chastisement: Young R's conscience begins to prick him, and he resolves to ask forgiveness of his Jessy; a scene of reconciliation ensues:—and Frank tells him he is a good fellow.	Ezekiel Homespun resents young Dowlas's conduct to his sister, and threatens to lay him flat with his ploughman's fist; young D's conscience begins to prick him, and he resolves to ask forgiveness of his Cicely; a scene of reconciliation ensues, and Ezekiel commends his behaviour.

This play, if it was produced for the purpose of introducing Mr. Twaits as Dr. Pangloss, was happily chosen, in so far as that gentleman was eminently remarkable for his personation of the character. We were indeed happy to witness again his appearance on the Boston boards, more especially as he has always been an acquisition of the theatre. His *Pangloss* possessed all the whim and eccentricity of which it is so greatly susceptible, under the management of so good a performer. None of his scenes were over acted, but a chasteness of conception and execution, so far as chasteness can be applied to a part of this whimsical nature, prevailed over the deportment of Mr. Twaits, and softened the broad extravagance into which it is too generally extended.

Mr Bernard seemed peculiarly revived by the presence of Mr. Twaits, and performed the part of Ezekiel Homespun with uncommon zest and propriety The *feeling* branch of the character was portrayed with the hand of a man, susceptible of the finest impressions, and equal to the nicest touches of the human mind. His humour also was tempered by consistency, and not disgraced by frequent attempts at jokes, without either necessity or characteristic propriety. On the whole, his demeanor was all we could have wished, and more than could reasonably have been expected; since we have lately observed with concern, the influence of gallery and pit applause, invading the correctness of that acting which has heretofore extorted applause, even from the most fastidious auditor. Here we would mention a defect, which has of late, been most frequently observed in his personations, the unwarrantable inattention to the text of his author, and the more unpardonable introduction of his own wit.—In the present character, this was not the fault; indeed we could not discover any defect worth the observation.

Mr. Dickenson, as Lord Duberly, was chaste, animated, and in character.

The part of Stedfast, by Usher was well performed, particularly in the scene with Moreland, after the visit to Lord Duberly.

Dykes was a good servant, but no Irishman.

Mr. Poe as Henry Moreland, was respectable.

Dick Dowlas under the personation of Mr. Fox, was lively; but he wanted identity of character.

Mrs. Shaw always pleases in such parts as Lady Duberly. as Mrs. Poe does in simple country girls; her Sicely Homespun was therefore played with spirit and force.

Caroline Dormer, by Mrs. Usher, was well conceived, but her *action* is almost always defective.

FOR THE EMERALD

Men are not disturbed by the things themselves but by the opinions they form concerning them

THE aid of the publick is again solicited to raise and establish a sufficient fund for the erection of an hospital for LUNATICKS. The plan adopted by the trustees

of the theatre for the above purpose, is truly laudable, and we could not but regret that any causes should have prevented a full return in the profits of the house the last year.

The tragedy of LEAR is admirably adapted to display the horrors of madness, particularly when it is produced by that marble hearted fiend Ingratitude. The generosity of Mr. FENNELL in accepting to perform *on this occasion* the principal character, we anticipate will operate as a double stimulus to the exertion of his excellent talents; and Mr. Caulfield's Mad Tom will claim its merited praise and admiration.

From the nature of the government under which we live, property is constantly fluctuating. We have no rights of primogeniture, no entailed estates. Our associations are founded on freedom of opinion, are subordinate to its will. What more noble exercise can we make of this freedom of action, than by early commencing the foundation of an institution that will afford an asylum to the deplorable and wretched?

The deprivation of reason is the greatest suffering to which a human being can be subjected. Possessed of this, man directs his little frail bark of life amid the threatening tempest and the calm, and as the skilful mariner foretells in the serene sky the approaching storm; so reason presiding "in the court of the senses," foresees the passions and mitigates their rage. Insanity of every degree takes its origin, shape and feature from their influence on individual temperament; comprehending a multitudinous species, from the simple smile of ideotism to the convulsive laugh of horrible despair.

The real sources of misfortune may be traced to earliest infancy. The milk of our nurse may contain the seeds of that poison which hereafter may envenom our life. A neglect or an improper use of the powers and necessity of restraint, illiberal and baneful associations, a too common but unjustifiable disregard to the laws of truth and experience lay the foundations of despotic habit over the human mind which gathers strength with age and grapples last with death. Would we carefully read over the biography of our lives, we should find in some page of its chronology that epoch which was pregnant with our felicity, or fatal to our hopes.

Indolence early indulged and the powerful ascendancy of a habit of negligence, together with harsh parental severity, either by blunting an original excitability to virtue, or festering the very sources of sensibility, has lost to society many an individual who else might have discharged the duties of his station useful to himself and beneficial to his cotemporaries.—"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—This just and noble sentiment contains the whole doctrine of education. For what is education? Is it the schoolmistress who forms our A, B, ab, or the schoolmaster, who, seated in his brief authority, ill-taught himself, frights genius from his school? Is it in academic groves, in collegiate life, the manners and character of the future man are wholly established? Doubtless these are means which influence the formation of the intellect. There are others, not so open to general regard, but most powerful in their operation on the mind. They are oftener the result of accident than the effect of design.

That there is a mutual dependance of the mind on the body, and the body on the mind, is known and felt by all; but the *modus operandi* is most difficult to be determined, and will ever remain so while in the language of St. Paul, "we see through a glass darkly." *Causa latet, vis est notissima. "Quicker and more active than light the unseen power flies in the twinkling of an eye through all the channels of life; produces memory, sorrow or joy, reason or frenzy; recals with horror what we would wish to forget, and makes of a thinking being an object of admiration or a subject of pity and tears." The influence which surrounding objects have on the actions and conduct of life, are the great agents which operate on the multitudinous states of irritable and sensible beings, and awaken under circumstances adapted to receive their impressions, the dormant energies of the understanding; so that he who from casualties was in youth a dunce, in manhood may become a philosopher.

A difference of circumstances will produce a difference in result. Hence a casualty which shall produce greatness of mind in one individual by causes not to be traced, shall, under apparently similar circumstances produce a total difference of result

* *The cause is latent, the power obvious.*

on another individual. Hence the impossibility of making the art of instruction produce similar effects on any two beings similarly situated, so invisible are the operations of mind.

As of muscular action we cannot trace the astonishing power, neither on mechanical principles nor in the agent which produces them; so of the mind, we cannot solve its energies by reverting to the apparent proximate cause of their production. The apple which fell on the head of Newton, excited an energy of mind which enabled him to develope the system of the universe, and stamped him the wisest of men; but the energy itself is no more to be traced in the apple which produced it than pain in the stick which beat us. Circumstances equally casual have not unfrequently excited to madness or depressed in folly.—Education then is not merely the art of teaching what may be learnt by language, but of seizing, directing and regulating the influence of impressions.

Supreme intelligence has been pleased that whatever portion of mind we possess, should lie held on a tenure the most slight and invisible; let us *then show* our adoration and gratitude by cheerfully giving our aid to the relief of those in whom it is deficent

When indeed we reflect on the perpetual state of fluctuation in the physical excitability of human beings, and the secret operation of the causes of mental and bodily derangement, we need not wonder at the numerous deviations from the standard of reason. "Man is truly born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." The offspring of passion and the child of want, he resembles the laborious traveller, who seeks far from home, for that country which lies beyond the grave

Let us but analyze our passions and we shall ALL feel how much we are their subjects. We shall find that the differences between mankind are not so wide as pride has made them; that insanity is a no uncommon disease,* that he who to-day smiles in all the conceit of wisdom, tomorrow may be a subject for bedlam — We shall find withal, that we are descended from one common parent, bound by a common tie and if we realize as we must our real weakness, wants and infirmities, we shall not hesitate in furnishing our support to found an establishment which may perhaps protect *ourselves* from the wretchedness we deplore in others.

* *Dr. Arnold reckons thirteen species under two division:, which he terms ideal and notional.*

FOR THE EMERALD.

BRITISH THEATRE.

An edition of the British Theatre conducted by a person in all respects calculated for the superintendance of so extensive a design has for a long time been a *desideratum* in dramatic literature. Mrs. Inchbald has lately undertaken a work of this nature; and many numbers have been issued from the press under her inspection and critical analysis. But if we may be allowed to judge of the whole by the appearance of about sixty numbers which we have perused, we should think her edition not calculated to effect the most obviously desirable ends in a collection of eminent dramatic productions. Her plan is to offer in each number a tragedy or comedy, with a handsome engraving, and a few prefatory observations relating to the author, the composition, but most commonly to the performance of the play, for the consideration of her readers She seems to be governed by no fixed principle in the selection or priority in the appearance of neither compositions, chronology, nor general repute, nor obvious merit in the production seems to influence her decisions. The series is therefore heterogeneous, irregular and imperfect. She has peculiar affection for her own compositions, which are very early brought forward, and we cannot help thinking that personal partiality to the authors has dictated many of the criticisms on the plays, as a tender regard to her own interest has evidently produced unnecessary panegyrics on particular players.

As her judgment in selection is in our opinion dubious, so her manner of criticism is liable to forcible objection. As criticisms, her observations may be decided as incomplete, puerile and often inaccurate; you are not made to appreciate the peculiar beauty and defect of the piece under review; but are told an anecdote of a player, or are dashed with some old quotation from authors universally read, of opinions generally known.

The plays are presented to your view in their stage dress. Not as the *author* intended they should appear; but injured by the *cuttings* and garblings of the superintendants of the stage, who though

they may judge tolerably well of the *effect* on the audience, which certain passages or situations may produce, very seldom have in view the whole result of the drama, and still more seldom appreciate real elegances of expression, vigour of imagery or sterling observation of nature. They take the measure of the *actor's* abilities, rather than reflect on the *author's* idea if it requires great force of expression which the performer does not possess, away goes the passage, and the composition is materially injured. There are often, it must be acknowledged many passages not calculated for performance; such however though "omitted in the representation," should not be neglected in print. Mrs. Inchbald has not only not been regardful of this principle; but has in various instances *altered* the text of the author.

We cannot subscribe to the merit of Mrs Inchbald in "the dull duty of an editor:" and we yet think a copious edition of the English theatre is very much to be desired. Let the series be chronological if you please; and the biography of authors not generally known if possible be introduced; but certainly a complete critical analysis of each play should be attached to each. Any exemplifying anecdote as to the causes which produced the play, the history of its depression rise and progress, or remarkable facts which relate to it might not improperly be introduced. But to praise indiscriminately, an edition which is almost destitute of any rare fact, judicious criticism, or historical event betrays an egregious deficiency of judgment, while it deters a more effectual attempt to accomplish the end proposed.

FOR THE EMERALD.

PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART.

This elegant writer, who now flourishes in Edinburg, is considered as one of the most learned men of his time. His style is remarkable, for a peculiarity of which perhaps no other author can boast of possessing; it consists rather in a rare union of qualities, which seldom appears combined, and a singular possession of various excellencies unaccompanied by the defects which usually attend them, than in any single or striking characteristic. It has character without mannerism or eccentricity. All the graces of the strictest propriety are preserved, combined with animation, adorned by elegance, reconciled to characteristic tones, sentiment, and modulation of speech. The following specimen will afford some notion of his manner. Speaking of Doct. Robertson's history of the reign of Charles V. as a subject of composition, Doct. Stewart proceeds:

"The advantage of making the transactions of a particular nation and still more the reign of a particular sovereign, a ground work for such comprehensive views of human affairs, is sufficiently obvious. By carrying on a connected series of important events, and indicating their relations to the contemporary history of mankind, a *meridian* is traced (if we may use the expression) through the vast and crowded map of time; and a line of reference is exhibited to the mind, for marking the bearings of those subordinate occurrences, in the multiplicity of which its powers would have been lost."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

GOLDSMITH.

There is something about Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's character which I cannot but admire. I suspect it arises from the effects his writings produce on the mind; his prose is so sweet and clear, and his poetry so enchanting from its harmony, and so admirable from its easy metaphor and force of illustration. No man "says Boswell" had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick but not strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it—No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant pasture appeared in gay succession.

"His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy

gentleman. Those, who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies (the Miss Hornecks) with their mother, on a tour to France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself!"

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

In one of the trials for sedition in the reign of Charles II. the pirisoner requested the jury to consider a statute which he thought was very much in his favour "Sirrah," exclaimed the judge," I know that statute better than you do." "I make no doubt, sir, but *you* know it *better* than I do," replied the prisoner; "I am only anxious that the *jury* should know it *as well*."

The following impromptu by Swift is neat and elegant. It was addressed to a lady on her husband's merits.

"You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis to gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you by this rule must adore all mankind."

A young fellow, who fancied he had talents for the stage, offered himself to the manager of Covent Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities to Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or too, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered, that he had done the part of Abel, in the Alchymist. To which Quin replied, with that sarcastical turn peculiar to himself, "You mistake, boy, it was the part of *Cain* you acted; for I am sure you murdered *Abel*."

The late Lord Willoughby de Broke was a very singular character, and had more peculiarities than any nobleman of his day. Coming once out of the house of peers, and not seeing his servant among those who were waiting at the door, he called out in a very loud voice, "Where can *my fell w* be?" "Not in Europe, by G—d," said Anthony Henly, who happened to be near him, "not in Europe."

EPIGRAM.

Ned will not keep the Jewish sabbath, he,
Because the church hath otherwise ordain'd:
Nor yet the Christian, for he does not see
How alt'ring of the day can be maintain'd.
Thus, seeming for to doubt of keeping either,
He halts between them both, and so keeps neither.

The following Anecdote strongly points out the Folly of those who propagate Infidelity and Atheism.

A servant, who had made the improvment which might have been expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table, where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended

and urged to give a reason for this infamous behaviour—"Sir," said he, "I have so often heard you speak of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery."

"Well, but," replied the master, "had you no fear of that death, which the laws of your country inflict on a criminal?" "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "What is that to you? If I had a mind to *venture that*, you had *removed* my *greatest* fear; why should I fear the *less?*"

The following *Sonnet* was written by H. K. White whose works Mr. Southey has lately undertaken to publish. His writing is remarkably pleasing and exquisitely tender.

"Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretel the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey.
O let the aerial music, round my bed,
Dissolving slow in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning to mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good-bye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last."

ANECDOTE OF BAJAZET AND TAMERLANE.

When Bajazet, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur Lench, that is, Timur the Lame, vulgarly, Tamerlane—on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye, Timur burst into a laugh. The Turk, who could ill brook any incivility, said fiercely, "You may deride my misfortunes, Timur; but remember that they might have happened to you: the disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God; and their states depend on his will" Timur replied, with equal haughtiness, "I agree with your observation; and I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind; how little value thrones and sceptres possess in the judgment of God; who has taken a kingdom from a man with one eye, to give it to another with one leg."

INGRATITUDE.

Of all vices ingratitude, generally speaking, confers most disgrace on the culprit. Seneca places this vice immediately after theft, manslaughter, sacrilege, and treachery. There are four descriptions of ungrateful persons. The first denies that he has received a favour. The second suppresses and conceals the benefit. The third retains no remembrance of the kindness. The fourth, who is the worst of all, conceives a hatred for his benefactor, because he is conscious that he is under an obligation to him.

MILITARY APHORISM.

It is a general saying, that there is no rule without an exception. I think that the following injunction inspiring obedience and courageous alacrity into the soldiers is to be universally approved. Clearcus, the Lacedemonian general addressing his soldiers before an engagement, said, "It is your duty comrades, to fear your commanders more than your enemy."

FRIENDSHIP.

If, in forming our friendships, we have an eye only to our own advantage, and not that of the person to whom we profess an attachment, we disgrace the name and office of friendship, and degrade it to a mere usurious contract. Our lands, our sheep and cattle, by the same mode of reasoning, might be called our friends, because we reap an advantage from our possessing and using them. Very many persons are so selfish, that they expect their friends to comply with every request which they may make to them, whether they are reasonable and just or not. Publius Rutilius having refused a favour to a friend, was asked by him of what use his friendship could be, if he denied him any request? "What benefit can yours be," replied Publius, "if you can ask me to do what my honour forbids me to think of?"

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

"*Arma——cano.*"

HARK ! 'tis the battle's din I hear,
The trumpet sounds to arms ;
Nought now assails the list'ning ear,
But beats with wars alarms.

The snorting steed his rider bears
Where blood and slaughter reign,
Partakes his master's rage or fears,
And scours th' ensanguin'd plain.

Before the cannon's mouth expire
Alike the coward, brave;
Death the bold son or timorous sire
Disdains alike to save.

Invelop'd in a sea of blood,
The car of Mars is seen,
The copious, smooth, empurpled flood
Tells the sad number slain.

* * * * *

Death, satiate now, no longer sighs
For thousands at a meal;
Perhaps the widow's, orphan's cries
Have made the monster feel.

But late where Havoc's horrid yell
Assail'd the sick'ning soul,
In silence Desolation fell
Now stalks without controul.

The victor or the vanquish'd here
No soothing sight can see.
Alas ! to this the fight how dear !
How drear to that must be !

Yonder a care worn form appears,
Bent down with age and grief,
Starts at the solace of his years,
A son beyond relief.

The venerable sire arrives
To close his Henry's eyes;
The youth his blessing but receives,
Looks up, and faints, and dies.

Observe that widow's wild affright,
Her loss, ah ! who can feel !
When her sole son first struck her sight,
Pierc'd by the savage steel.

Grant her, kind Heav'n, if not too late,
To bear a loss so dire ;
Alas ! inexorable fate
Decrees, " 'tis done—expire."

A haggard form now meets the eye,
With aspect wild and wan ;
She comes to see a husband die,
And wail a slaughter'd son.

But who can paint the anguish'd heart
Of yonder frantic fair !
Could Hogarth's pencil, Opie's art,
Personify Despair ?

She saw the sword which stole his breath,
For whom she liv'd alone ;
Then drew it from its bloody sheath
And plung'd it in her own.

* * * *

Original epitaph lately discovered upon a gravestone in a Country Church yard.

" Beneath these stones,
Rest the dry bones
Of Robert Jones ;—
Friends, make your moans——
But vain are moans,
Or tears or groans,
To raise the stones,
Where rest the bones,
Of poor Bob Jones."

FRIENDSHIP IN COLD WEATHER.

In this cold season, what can cheer
The drooping mind, or banish fear
So well as friendship's Power ;
Which like the golden orb of day
Can throw a sweet enliv'ning ray,
And gild the gloomiest hour.

Friendship all hail ! thou balm of woe,
From thee does every comfort flow,
Which death alone can end ;
Whate'er misfortunes do arise,
Tho' health, or wealth, or pleasure flie
Unmov'd remains the friend.

Linus (what e're it is disturbs his pate)
Is, as they say, growne out of's wit a late-
How can it be, that he should now beg
For to be *out* of that he ne'er was *in* ?

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